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JAYMA WARE
1990-2012

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Want to be a part of Bossier Parish Community College's *Savoir Faire*? Come join the staff!

LITR 101 is held every semester, and students need to have passed with a "C" in English 101 to be in the class. It is on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 12:30-1:45. Scholarships are possible based on application and trial period and will be based on the student's writing ability and work ethic. The student also needs to have a 2.0 grade point average and be a full time student. The class involves creation of a bi-annual literary magazine which represents literary and visual artists at BPCC, advertisement and distribution.

Contact us at savoirfaire@bpcc.edu for further information.

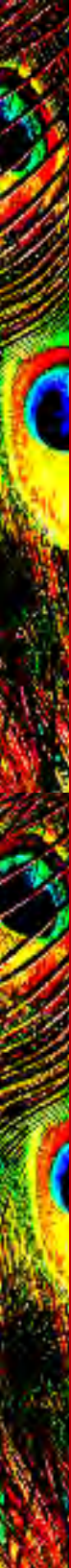
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Anyone Can Be Beautiful	Sarah Prescott	4
V	Raven Jones	5
Brain	Nina Murray	6
Distance	Gabrielle Reynolds	7
The Night The World Changed Winner of the Savoir Faire Writer’s Award	Brett Smith	8
Suffrage	Raven Jones	11
What is Love?	Christine James	12
La. Icons	Raven Jones	13
Eriko Winner of the Savoir Faire Artist’s Award	Raven Jones	14
I Am I What I Am	Jessica Ingram	15
Robin’s Silhouette	Jessica Ingram	16



Owlsh	Benjamin Carlson	18
Pottery	Clint Griffin	19
Silver Mockingbird	Erika Mitchell	20
Only In Dreams	Brittany Wile	21
Curves	Kody Robinson	24
Kippy's Life	Christine James	25
Pottery	Alexandra Sauer	27
Portrait of Henri Matisse by Andre Derain	Kaylin Hermes	28
Behind the Bars	Wes Biggs	29
Aurora	Erika Mitchell	30
Meet the Artists		31



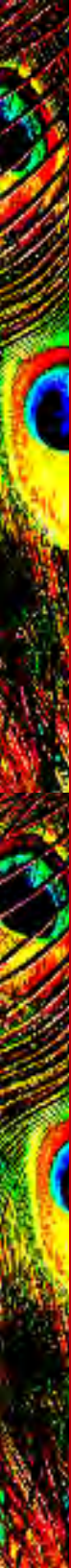


ANYONE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

SARAH
PRESCOTT

anyone can be “beautiful”
shove a brush
and a pocket full of blush
into the hands of a bull
pull down the wool
might as well
the knife cakes
while the eyes erase
the creation within you.





BRAIN

NINA
MURRAY

Clear jelly and colorful delight
Don't be scared, I'd never bite
I'm only here to make you smile
Know you haven't seen me in a while

I'm spreading open so you can come in
Black, grey, and white can be so paper-thin
Blues, yellows, purples, oranges, and reds
Don't be afraid, join in this tread

Fruity, tasty, like a sweet sugar bun
Brainy learning can be so much fun
The lights go there, they bounce, they fall
Magnificence lies within us all.



Distance Gabrielle Reynolds

THE NIGHT THE WORLD CHANGED

BRETT SMITH

SAVOIR FAIRE WRITER'S AWARD

When I graduated high school in 1989, I received several academic scholarships to attend college. My mother and stepfather had urged with me to accept them, and they would handle any difference in tuition. Unfortunately, I had heard them discuss that they would have to take out loans and even a second mortgage on the house to make up the difference for me to go to college. I did not want to be a burden on my family. Therefore, after graduation, I opted to join the United States' Army. After twelve weeks of training in the handling and maintenance of the M1A1 Abrams main battle tank, I took my first deployment with Kilo Troop, 3rd Squadron, 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment in West Germany. This assignment would make me an eyewitness to history and would become a life-changing experience for me.

Meanwhile, I turned eighteen while I was in basic training, and being sent overseas at such a young age was quite a shock to the system. Things were much different in West Germany. The rules were more relaxed than what I experienced in the States. The city I was stationed in, Bad Hersfeld, was a beautiful little city that had existed well before colonists came to America. It was situated on a series of Bavarian hills near a wide valley that had a river creasing through the lush forested lands. It was a wonderful place to be. I would come to love it like a second hometown. Yet, on clear and quiet nights, I could make out an unusual sound--The sound of sprockets and gears grinding and straining against treads as Russian battle tanks prowled the East German side of the valley. It was a constant reminder that while I was in a dream location, the shadow of war hung heavy in the air and was less than a mile away.

By this time, it was autumn of 1989, and President Reagan had recently made his impassioned address to Premier Gorbachev to “tear down this [Berlin] wall.” While the unit had been situated on a high alert status while waiting to see how the Soviets would respond, we were still granted the opportunity for leave. Instead of taking a month’s leave to see my family for Thanksgiving, I had opted to take my leave just before Christmas so that I could be home for the New Year, 1990. On the night of November 9, 1989, I had been playing Spades with some of my platoon mates and listening to Armed Forces Radio Network, a normal night in the barracks.

Recently, the first snow of the winter had fallen, leaving a white blanket on the buildings and vehicles of the squadron. When the warning siren went off, many of us expected it to be just another drill. There had been several of them since the president’s speech, and it had become an old habit. It was when the Armed Forces’ Radio unexpectedly cut from the music and started announcing evacuation and deployment codes. I knew that this was different. This was not a drill.

Consequently, I rushed to the tank I was assigned to and took my position in the driver’s seat. The commander’s order to move out came, I depressed the master start button, and the turbine that powers the tank whined and roared to life. I maneuvered the sixty-three ton beast through the motor pool and into the streets of Bad Hersfeld, turning on Autobahn 210 to head East towards Outpost Tennessee, the assigned duty station for the unit. We arrived at the edge of the valley at ten after nine in the evening.

In spite of it being dark, the East German side of the forest was lit up brighter than usual with the sweeping searchlights of the Soviet outpost and the lights from T-80 main battle tanks, but also flashlights and headlights. Tension was thick in the air and the radio chatter reflected it. The different tanks in the unit were reporting contacts, checks, and looking for orders in what had become chaotic until the squadron commander finally sent clear orders: we were not to engage. It became clear why this was necessary shortly thereafter.

Subsequently, East German civilians crossed into the no-man’s land that the border valley had been for over forty years. Out of the woods came one, then two, and then groups of four people. Groups of four became eight and then ten, constantly multiplying until we could no longer keep count of the amount of people crossing the valley from east to west. By this time, West Germans had started to amass on the American-held side of the valley, and they were advancing as well. Meeting somewhere in the middle at different locations, Germans from East and West met and embraced and broke into celebration. Ultimately, the Russian soldiers dismounted their tanks and

entered the valley as well. Our own company commander ordered a stand-down, and we observed history as we learned that the Berlin Wall checkpoints had been opened, and with it came the opening of the border between East and West Germany.

Finally, the troop remained on station for several hours, watching the birth of reunification of two Germanys. After midnight, the squadron received the all-clear order, and we were allowed to dismount our vehicles. Never had I received so many hugs, kisses, and handshakes. Several people even placed flowers on the frontal armor of the tank. I met several of my Russian counterparts; we could not communicate, except to trade salutes. One Soviet tanker, who could not have been much older than I, approached me and gestured to his helmet and then pointed at my own hat. It took me a moment to realize that he wanted to trade.

A few months after the incident on the border, I traveled to Berlin with some friends. It was my first time there. As we approached Checkpoint Charlie, the border crossing point between East and West Germany, we could see the Wall. Along the Wall, workers were busily going about removing sections for demolition. I approached the men and managed in broken German to inquire about gathering a piece of the Wall for myself. When they saw my uniform, one of the workers offered me a fist-sized chunk that had come from near the top of the rampart. One side was painted blue with a piece of a single white star; the other side was clean concrete. This piece of the Wall would join my Soviet tanker helmet among my prizes collected from my time in service to be cherished memories to share with my children and grand-children.

From the moment I had learned that I was going to West Germany, I worried and dreaded the idea of a shooting war breaking out on the border. Instead, I became a witness to something few believed would ever happen; the start of the fall of the Soviet Union and the reunification of East and West Germany. It gave me hope for myself, to know that change could happen, that things could become better. This night would be a theme in my life.

All in all, while it has been almost twenty years since the day I witnessed the fall of communism, it remains a lesson of perseverance, hope, and change. Life has thrown me plenty of curves and situations that I thought would be the downfall of me, but I always remember that things can improve. Things can be changed. The specter or hanging shadow can be vanquished. I learned that a Wall many thought was impossible to collapse could fall. And if that Wall could fall, that border could be reunited; any walls and borders in my own life, real or imagined, could fall or be healed as well.

When
there
is
an
ob-
ject

Speed in the
jelly burns:
the 7 fern and
Jelly print 9-7

WHAT IS LOVE?

CHRISTINE JAMES

Deeper I fall into that abyss called love,
And I can't seem to stop my descent from above
My treacherous heart condemns me to this fate,
And this helpless feeling I truly hate
For I am not someone who gives their soul,
And my trust is limited if truth be told
Yet here I stand on this flowery pile
To say the words I once thought were vile
My feet are lead; I cannot run
My hands are numb, what have I done?
My tongue is tied; I cannot speak
My heart is racing, yet I still feel weak
How could this happen to someone like me
Someone independent and always carefree?
This love thing has turned me inside out
I still have not figured what it's about
I do not want this love in me
I pray to God to set me free,
Yet someone else heard my silent plea,
And granted my wish for all to see
This white dress is now stained with red
My body falls; I guess I'm dead
My body shivers; I'm slowly dying
My ex is near hysterically crying
I see the gun still in his hand
My pooling blood, his only plan,
So now, you see why love's bad?
A lover devastated, a killer's glad
All because of the love they had
For a woman who must be truly mad
I have just one thing left to say
This love thing ruined my wedding day.





Eriko Raven Jones
Savoir Faire Artist's Award

I AM WHAT I AM

JESSICA
INGRAM

I am stellar
I am average
I am you
As I am me
I am nothing more than ordinary
I am everything there is to be
I am inspired
I am ruthless
I am frightened
I am brave
I am up
I am down
I am focused
I am astray
I am what I am
Individual but unified
Love me or hate me
That's up for you to decide.







Robin's Silhouette Jessica Ingram

OWLISH

BENJAMIN CARLSON

Dedicated to Jessica Ingram

May you always chase your dreams
Like a prey within your sight
And keep the winds beneath you
Like an Owl in the night.

Always keep your mind astute
And think of what you hark
Like the owl's shrewd vision
Grants it to peer through the dark

And Wisdom may you gain
Through your years yet to come
Finding peace in solitude
And expressing great aplomb.

When the owl's call is heard,
Its tone is like none else,
So stand unique and proud,
And bewitch the heedless house.

And may you inspire wonder
In this world of apathy
Like the owl's ghostly presence
Can make the mind run free.

The owl watches closely
To what lies before its gaze
So it might descry the world
That once appeared a maze,

So what lies beneath a shroud
May instill bewilderment
But like the nightly owl
May you peer through ignorance

So if your life is lacking focus,
Or discernment is your wish
Then it just may behoove you to
Live a life more owlsh.



Pottery Clint Griffin



Silver Mockingbird
Erika Mitchell

ONLY IN DREAMS

BRITTANY WILE

At the clock of Twelve and the tick of every moment
My mind sways in and out of memories I thought I had suppressed
As my feet skipped across the carpet
I felt the music in my nerves
Finally feeling human again
The room became wrapped in a comfortable darkness
My eyes eliminating the possibilities of distraction
No need for the feeling of insecurity
For now your arms wrapped around me

You join me in the nonsense sway of what became dancing
Your arm's warmth beckoned my heart to a faster pacing
I'll use this moment as my shoulder to cry on
I'll reminisce over what I've lost
Just another instance to count on
For this is not the first
And again, this will not be the last

So, I fall back into security's false sense
For this is a guilty displeasure of mine
Though I cannot resist
It does not hurt, it only stings down deep
Should I open my eyes to pull away from nothing?
Stay where I am awaiting the immense suffering
Or run away back into the corners of hiding?

In my thoughts, in that dark room
Among all of the rhythms
In this comatose state, I could stay with you.
But you know, you feel my resistance
A sigh leaks from your chest
You've realized you're only a figment

Your body's warmth begins to fade
My eyes stay closed as you begin to waltz away
Somehow I know you're still dancing
Somehow I can still hear your feet hit the floor

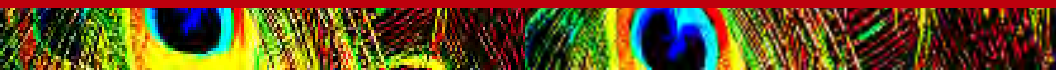
Even when my eyes have opened
Fantasy becomes real, no more
My eyes have become wet
And I choke on my own spit
I've come to the realization I should have never known
Only in dreams, do angels exist.

So I fall back into dream
Beginning to leak back into sleep
I'm here but you're only an apparition
I'm still breathing; you're equally nonchalant
This lengthens the distance
This tears apart the strings
That holds us together as one
I don't want to be free
I don't want to be one

You're a different type of intoxication
You're a world that I haven't been able to grasp
I was only a part of you long enough to leave an impression
It seemed that your world was all I wanted to live in
It's still the same, a year into the future tense

The oak walls of your chamber kept me sane
The comfort of the atmosphere
Kept me safe
The calmness of tranquility
Used to wrap arms around me
I never wanted to leave
Yet I became shunned so suddenly

An angel still rests in the abyss of each beat
Of the heart that beats inside me
An angel still flutters his beautiful wings
Even If he doesn't wish to stay
His memories and yet a pain filled absence
Still remains to this day.





KIPPY'S LIFE

CHRISTINE JAMES

The yellow blossoms of the garden mums assail the senses on this breezy day. The multi-colored leaves on the neighbor's lawn swirl to a beat of their own accord. Yet, not in Momma Dee's yard. Nothing intrudes upon her space without her explicit permission.

She swings to and fro on an old rocker that she keeps on her porch. No matter the time of day, if you cross the view of that porch, she will be there watching, waiting for something to happen. She is said to be a very powerful voodoo priestess or old shaman woman with healing powers, and some people say she can make animals do her bidding.

The creaking of Momma Dee's rocker and the humming of her voice is interrupted by the mob of bicycles, skateboards, and running feet crossing her street to the adjacent field of hay. Momma Dee plants both burly feet on the ground to lift her semi-large frame from her relaxing position. "What are these chil'ren up to now? They know bettah than to com' on my street with this," Momma Dee speaks in her Cajun drawl. She walks to the yellow fence to investigate the triviality of the problem, as many of her neighbors do the same.

"What's going on over there?" asks one the neighbors.

Sensing something very wrong about to happen in the field, Momma Dee says, "I think we gon' need one of those emergency cars darling. Go ahead and call'em while I go stop this."

The neighbor couldn't tell how Momma Dee knew what she knew, but she hurries to get her cell phone. She dials 911 not knowing what to tell the operator because she knows that disobeying Momma Dee has dire consequences.

Momma Dee walks steadily across the field where she sees the crows swirling before they have had a chance to feast. No one else sees the scavengers yet because they have yet to arrive, and Momma Dee is hoping to keep things that way.

As Momma Dee approaches the scene, many of the onlookers begin to move as far away as they possibly can. The cries of the victims assail Momma Dee as she finally penetrates the inner circle of what seems to be a brawl, with one side heavily out-numbered. She intervenes quickly on the nearest fight, stopping a much larger boy from punching a smaller one in the chest.

“Don’t touch me,” screams the youth, “This is between me and Tyrone, bitch!” The intake of breath is palpable as many of the onlookers and fighters sense the doom of one of their own is imminent. No one disrespects Momma Dee, and everyone knows this. The fighting ceases as all eyes turn towards Momma Dee.

“I think you should gon’ on home ‘fore sometin really bad happens to ya,” speaks Momma Dee with a look of suppressed violence in her eyes as she takes in the full extent of what has occurred. One boy, Tyrone, is black and blue with bruises and blood all over his clothing as he sits holding his side. One very large boy, who looks like he is causing more damage on his five offenders than they caused upon him, is standing trying to catch his asthmatic breath. But the worse by far is the young man that has yet to move and still lies upon the ground in a fetal position, holding his head.

“It’s okay Momma Dee,” states Tyrone while wiping blood from his face. “Please check on Kippy and Jack,” pointing to the other young men in turn.

Momma Dee says something under her breath and a large swarm of kittens begin to move into the field from all directions. One of the offenders finally awakens from his daze and begins to heed the warning. He literally drags his squalling friend away with the rest of the gang trailing behind them.

Questions and whispers of amazement and fright begin to add to the crescendo of Momma Dee’s chanting. The intense speed of the swirling hay and leaves makes it hard for the onlookers to see what is transpiring. Momma Dee walks intently towards Kippy, the young man still lying on the ground. He has yet to move, and if the amount of blood pooling around him is any indication to the seriousness of his wounds, Momma Dee may not be able to save him. She turns him over to see that the biggest risk is the lump above his eye and huge gash on his head. Momma Dee covers his head with one of her hands and begins to chant even more. The meows are intertwined to give the wind a melodious lilt. The distant sounds of the ambulance and police add to the music of healing that Momma Dee is using on Kippy. Just before the police cars turn onto the street, everything stops. The wind is still, the meows cease, the chanting is gone, and all that is left in the field of hay is silence.

Then Kippy takes a deep breath and opens his eyes. Emergency vehicles are at the scene now, and paramedics help the injured boys. Questions are asked of the bystanders to assess the situation, and the only thing anyone can think to say is that Momma Dee saved Kippy. Yet, when they look around for Momma Dee, she is back on her porch rocking to and fro.



Pottery Alex Sauer



Portrait of Matisse by Derain Kaylin Hermes

BEHIND THESE BARS WES BIGGS

I sit and wonder why I chose this life,
No glamour, no respect, not a lick of pride.
Smoking, hustling, thinking I was cool,
Now I'm behind these bars realizing I'm a fool.

Looking for God only when I have fear,
But He's so much smarter, He sees through my tears.
Mad at Mom and Dad, just trying to teach me a lesson,
Too selfish to admit I was wrong and be thankful for my blessings.

Bucking the system, always sliding by,
They finally got me, but they want see me cry.
Dealing with the system, feel like I'm coming along,
Trying to be someone different, not the same old song.

So behind these bars I won't sit and wait,
I'll try to better myself for my day at heaven's gates.
No more hustling, no more conning, gonna try to live life straight,
Cause I refuse to believe behind these bars is my fate.





Aurora
Erika Mitchell

MEET THE ARTISTS

Wes Biggs is inspired by life and therefore started expressing himself creatively when he was young. Another talent he has is bullriding. His dream job is to be retired, and his pet peeve is dirty dishes.

Clint Griffin started expressing himself as soon as he learned to hold a pencil and is inspired by anyone who makes good artwork. His pet peeve is conceited people, and his dream job is designing t-shirts for a clothing line.

Jessica Ingram created artwork in elementary school and gained appreciation for photography in high school. She is inspired by Ansel Adams, her grandmother, and her boyfriend Benjamin Carlson. She dreams of being a photographer and photojournalist for National Geographic.

Christine James is inspired by her children and family. The birth of her son was a life-changing moment for her, and she dreams of being a full-time mom. She says the worst job she ever had was in a pizza joint, and she is deathly afraid of sharks though she's never been to the ocean.

Raven Jones says she is usually never inspired by a single person or thing: "Inspiration comes in waves for me." Her biggest pet peeve is when people chew gum with their mouth open, and she has a fear of initiating small talk with new people. Her dream job is to freelance from her home in London.

Erika Mitchell started expressing herself creatively in the first grade and is inspired by nature. Her pet peeve is stupid people, and she is afraid of roaches. She dreams of working in animal studies, and her life-changing moment was when she started getting into art more.

Sarah Prescott has been involved in the arts for as far back as she can remember. She is inspired by Mother Teresa and Jim Elliot. Her dream job is to be a full-time missionary in a foreign country. She is afraid of grasshoppers, and her pet peeve is hearing the noises when people eat.

Gabrielle Reynolds says she had a life-changing moment when she graduated high school and moved to Hong Kong in 2008. She also had the opportunity to travel through many other countries doing ministry work through dance and drama. Her dream job is to live and work in China as the vendor of a food truck that serves healthy western cuisine.

Alexandra Sauer has been involved in art as long as she can remember and is inspired by her parents and pets. Her dream job is to be the Google insignia artist, and her unusual talents include rodeo, balloon art, and cliff jumping. Her pet peeve is smoking.

Brett Smith has been using his creative skills since first learning about role-playing games in high school. He is inspired by authors of war fiction, including Harold Coyle, Max Brooks, and Tom Clancy.

Brittany Wile started expressing herself at a very young age through singing, art, and poetry. She is inspired by her family, friends, and boyfriend. Her dream job is to share her story with the world through her lyrics and voice as the frontman in her own rock band. Her biggest pet peeve is when people talk badly about others without thinking about how that person may feel.

Kaylin Hermes always liked making crafts which led to expression through painting in the summer of 2012. She fears snakes and heights and feels that the combination would probably make her “faint, pass out, or pee on [her]self.” The dream “job” she looks forward to is becoming a mother because the creation of life and ability to “love something so much” is what attracts her.

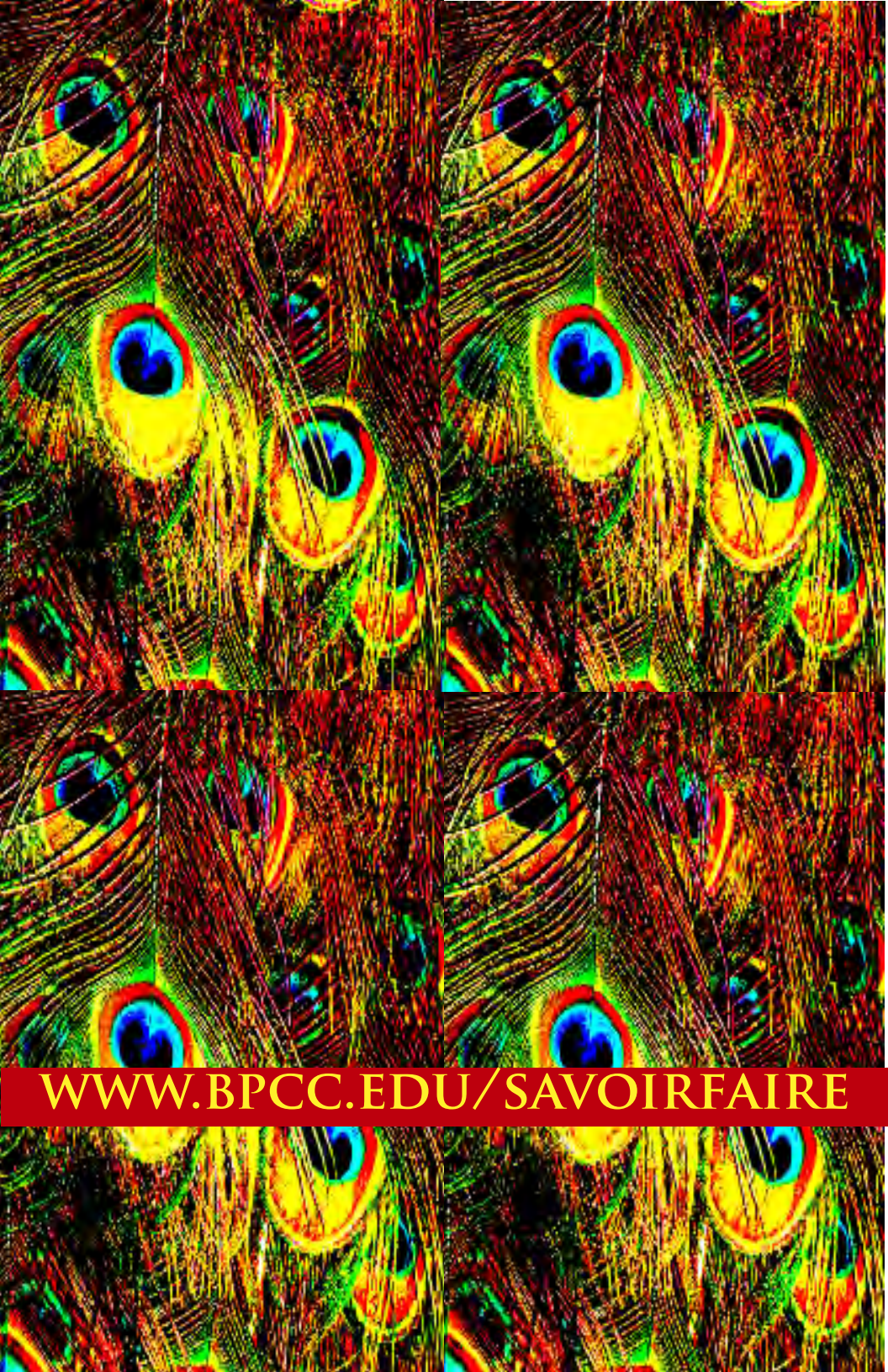
Kody Robinson can’t stand loud, sudden noises and fears heights. He also has amazing talents of solving a Rubix Cube and having a photographic memory. One re-occurring dream he has is a car driving itself when he is in it.

FOR MORE INFORMATION
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